The politick Maid.

OR,

A dainty new ditty, both pleasant and witty: VVherein you may see, the maides policie.

To a pleasant new tune.

There was a Knight was mine owmke,
as he rode on the way,
And there he spide a bonny Lasse,
among the Cocks of Hay:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

This gallant Knight vnto the Lasse,
did present take his way,
But it seem'd he had a shame face,
he did not Court and play:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

When he came to this bonny Lasse,
he found she was not coy,
His courtesie she did imbrace,
and did not say him nay:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale
with hey tro nonney nonney.

If we should sit vs downe here,
vpon the grasse so greene,
Heres neither sheat nor covering,
to kepe our cloathes cleane:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

And if we should sit downe quoth he,
among the Cockes of hay,
Then would come forth the Kings Pinder,
and take our Keyes away:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

I have rings on my fingers,
made of the purest gold,
That will release our Keyes againe
out of the Kings pinfold:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.

SIR Knight if you will goe with me,
into my Fathers Bowers,
There may you ſit and talke with me,
this three or foure houres:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

When ſhe came to her Fathers Bowers,
they were moted round about,
Then ſhe ſlipt in at a wicket,
and left Sir Knight without:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

Now I am here a maide within,
and you Sir Knight without,
You may lay ſtraw under your feete
to keepe you from the gout:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

Henceforth when you doe meet a maide
a mile out of the towne,
Sir Knight you muſt not be affraid,
of ſpoiling of her gowne:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

And if you chance to meet a maid,
amongſt the Cockes of hay,
Sir Knight you muſt not be affraid,
with her to Court, and ſay
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

It is a proverb many ſay,
and truth it is in ſoothe,
He that will not when he may,
ſhall after haue denyall:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

And thus Sir Knight now fare you well,
to you I bid adieu,
Now you hereafter wards may tell
how I haue ſerued you.
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

FINIS. R.C.

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